

Tarboro' Southerner.

THE CONSTITUTION OF OUR FATHERS.

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Ex-U. S. Senator Jefferson Davis.

VOL. 53.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1875.

NO. 10.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
Mayor—John Norbert.
Commissioners—J. B. Norbert, Joseph Cobb, H. C. Cherry and George Matheson.
Secretary and Treasurer—Robert Whitehead.
Clerks—J. B. Hight.
Towns—Allimore, Mearns, Geo. Bell and James E. Simonson.

COUNTY.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Stoen, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
Clerks—Robert H. Austin.
Surgeon—John E. Baker.
Standard Keeper—P. S. Hicks.
School Examining—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.
Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Etem. A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. A. R. R.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 3:30 P. M.
WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 4 P. M.

LODGING.
The Nights and the Places of Meeting.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Law-rence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Concord Lodge No. 28, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
Regimental Encampment No. 12, I. O. O. F., A. Hedbrone, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.
Edgemoor Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. H. Brown, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
Edgemoor Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

CHURCHES.
Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Chesley, Rector.
Methodist Church—Services every third, Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church—Services every Sunday (except the 4th) at 10:30 A. M. and 5 P. M. Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night.
Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.
Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.
Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.
Mrs. Pender's, (formerly Gregory Hotel), Main Street, opposite "Enquirer" Office, Mrs. M. Pender, Proprietress.

BANKS.
Bank of New Hanover, on Main Street, next door to Mr. M. Weddell. Capt. J. D. Cumming, Cashier. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

EXPRESS.
Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9:30 o'clock. N. M. Lawrence, Agent.

HOTELS.
GASTON HOUSE,
South Front Street,
Newbern, N. C.
S. R. STREET, Proprietor.

YARBORO' HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

Reference made to all travelling gentlemen.

ATLANTIC HOTEL,
Norfolk, Va.
R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

BOARD, First and Second Floors, per day, \$3.00
Third and Fourth Floors, " " 2.50
Special terms for permanent boarders.

ROBT. H. ROUNTREE, W. D. ROUNTREE, E. L. ROUNTREE, of Wilson, N. C.
ALBERT L. ROUNTREE, of Wilson, N. C.

ROUNTREE & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
188 Pearl Street,
New York.

Nov. 6, 1874.

Jno. W. Wright, A. L. Webb
JOHN W. WRIGHT & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
EXCELSIOR, EAGLE MILLS
AND BONNIE BRAE
FAMILY FLOUR
Mt. Holly, Clinton Mills, Franklin and Glenn Dale, KYTTO, E. C. LEO, of Baltimore, Md.
Gor. Commerce and Cable Sts.

Their celebrated brands constantly in stock by R. B. Alsop.

STIEFF
GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT
PIANOS

Have received upwards of FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS, and are among the best first prize pianos in the world. Every instrument fully warranted for five years. Prices as low as the exclusive use of the very best materials and the most thorough workmanship will permit. The principal pianists and composers, and the piano-purchasing public of the South especially, unite in the unanimous verdict of the superiority of the STIEFF PIANO. The DURABILITY of our instruments is fully established by over SIXTY SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES in the South, using over 300 of our Pianos.

Sole Wholesale Agents for several of the principal manufacturers of Cabinet and Parlor Organs; prices from \$50 to \$600. A liberal discount to Clergymen and Sabbath Schools.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos, at prices ranging from \$75 to \$300, always on hand.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing the names of over 2,000 Southern who have bought and are using the Stieff Piano.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,
Warehouses, No. 9 North Liberty St.,
BALTIMORE, M. D.
Factories, 84 & 86 Camden St., and 45 & 47 Perry St.
June 12, 1874.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

VERB. SAP.

I am disposing of my entire stock of Dress Goods, Ladies and Gents Hats, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.,

AT COST!

in order to make room for Spring Goods. Now is the time for bargains.

M. R. JONES.
Tarboro', N. C., Feb. 26, 1875.

DRY GOODS, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

In order to prepare for a thorough renovation of our place of business, we are disposing of our extensive stock of

AT COST!

Persons wishing to save money in the way of splendid bargains, will do well to call at once.

T. HILL, BROWNER & BRO.
Tarboro', N. C., Feb. 12, 1875.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

Is eminently a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC
For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately constipated and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility; Low Spirits; a thin pale appearance of the Skin and Eyes; a dry Cough, often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, weakness and Death will ensue.

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, Sick Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturers, No. 101 N. 3rd St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Piedmont Air-Line Railway.
RICHMOND & DANVILLE, RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. W. N. C. DIVISION, AND NORTH WEST-ERN N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Thursday, Jan. 21, 1874.

GOING NORTH.
STATIONS. Mail. Express.
Leave Charlotte 10:00 P. M. 8:35 A. M.
" Salisbury 12:20 A. M. 8:55 " "
" Greensboro' 3:43 " 1:15 P. M.
" Danville 6:13 " 3:36 " "
" Burkeville 11:32 " 8:20 " "
Arrive at Richmond, 2:22 P. M. 11:09 "

GOING SOUTH.
STATIONS. Mail. Express.
Leave Richmond, 1:38 P. M. 5:03 A. M.
" Burkeville 9:25 " 10:54 " "
" Danville 9:29 " 1:12 P. M.
" Greensboro' 12:25 A. M. 4:10 " "
" Salisbury 2:27 " 4:31 " "
" Air-Line Jctn. 6:15 " 8:32 " "
Arrive at Charlotte, 6:22 " 8:40 "

GOING EAST. GOING WEST.
STATIONS. Mail. Mail.
Leave Greensboro' 3:25 A. M. Arr. 11:30 P. M.
Co. Shops 5:06 " " 10:10 " "
" Salisbury 8:14 A. M. " 5:38 " "
Arr. at Goldsboro' 11:25 " " 8:15 P. M.

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R. (SALEM BRANCH.)
Leave Greensboro' 4:25 P. M.
Arrive at Salem 6:10 " "
Leave Salem 9:20 P. M.
Arrive at Greensboro' 11:15 " "

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 6:41 A. M., connects at Greensboro' with the Northern branch train, making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Trains to and from points East of Greensboro' connect with Mail and Express Trains to and from points North or South.

Trains daily, both ways.
On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leaves Richmond at 9:00 A. M., arrives at Greensboro' 12:43 P. M., leaves Greensboro' 4:35 A. M., arrives at Richmond 7:58 A. M.

Pullman Palace Cars on all night trains between Charlotte and Richmond, (without change).

For further information address
S. E. ALLEN,
Gen'l Ticket Agent,
Greensboro, N. C.

T. M. R. TALCOTT,
Engineer & Gen'l Superintendent.

Livery, Sale AND EXCHANGE STABLES.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has published in Williamson a large and first-class Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable.

at which he is prepared to board horses by the day, week or month. Having a good stock of horses always on hand, he will sell or exchange on reasonable terms. He will also send passengers about the country at moderate rates. Drivers will always find in his Stables ample accommodations.

JAMES M. L. STERSON,
Williamson, N. C.
Gen'l Agent, Greensboro, N. C.

TERRELL & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
AND
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Main Street,
Near the Bridge,
Tarboro', N. C.,
Sept. 30-1

NEW FIRM!
THE undersigned having purchased the entire interests of W. A. Bassett, are now prepared to do any kind of PAINTING, Plain or Fancy, usual in their line. They have an agreement with Mr. W. A. Bassett by which his services may be procured on all work of especially difficult execution.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.
T. C. BASSETT,
Jan. 21st, 1875.

THE Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : March 12, 1875

At the Garden Gate—A Summer Picture.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

The light of Summer sunset still lingers down the west,
The tender charm of the gleaming is full of a quiet rest;
The trembling stars are faint and few in the misty sky above,
As I stand alone in the garden gate—waiting for you love.

Over archway and vine and trellis; the perfumed roses cling,
Some rich with the golden of damask, some white as the buds of spring;
This proud as the Orient beauty, lifting her glowing cheek,
That, fair as a stainless vestal, gentle, and pure and meek.

The balmy breeze of the sunset steals by like a shy caress,
Sent out from the golden cloudland to the earth's rich loveliness;
It comes with the breath of summer on its pinions as they pass,
Rustling the drooping foliage and tinging the fragrant grass.

In the starry shade of the jasmine a vesper song is heard,
Tender and sweet and joyous, from the throat of a mocking-bird;
And, there in the shadowy woodlands, here in the oak tree hid,
Ringing clear through the stillness is the voice of the katydid.

The far off low of cattle, and the sound of a tinkling bell,
Come faintly borne through the twilight from a gentle upland swell;
And where the dark-green forest meets blue into distance far,
A sweet of sweet, fresh clover breathes on the dewy air.

In the magic light of the glowing, the royal fields of June
Rest under the gracious promise of a fair young harvest moon;
It hangs like a golden sickle where the tints are soft and bright,
And the sunset glow will scarcely fade through the long summer night.

And far in the purple hollow, under the crest of the hill
I hear the soft of the water as it dashes over the mill;
I hear it hurrying on, singing a sweet old tune—
Sweet as the summer fragrance, old as the skies of June.

A song of love and of parting, of faith and of courage, too—
Of faith that has never faltered, of love that is true!
Of quiet and patient yearning, of hope that has learned to wait;
And perhaps—who knows?—of a maiden, alone at a garden gate.

—Appleton's Journal.

LELIA'S EXPERIMENT.
BY MARGARET MARCH.

PART III.
"Thank you for leaving it," she replied, "for I've been enjoying it for the last hour. Isn't it splendid? I was almost imagining myself Rowena, imprisoned in this castle, the water falling over the little precipice with its noise and splashing, the besieging party and when I look up almost expecting to behold a knight of the olden time, clad in bright armor, come to receive me. But you look as if you were wondering where I dropped from," as she looked into his questioning face.

"Excuse me, but you have read my thoughts right. I wasn't aware that my mother had been here."

"And neither has she," Mrs. Hunter's goddess. But your mother was so kind in giving me the use of her pen, that I begin to feel myself quite at home. But perhaps I've presumed too much on her kindness."

"O, no, don't think of such a thing. I'm so delighted to hear that you play. I'm very fond of music and Lillian doesn't play at all, I hope you will come over often and let me enjoy it."

"Thank you, but it is getting late while I talk. Mrs. Hunter will be sending for me."

So saying, she picked up her shawl which had fallen down and still with the book in her hand went out followed by Haywood, for it was no other as the reader has no doubt guessed.

"I suppose it is my duty as your rescuer to carry you to a place of safety?"

"Yes, and I suppose I ought to be too deeply grateful to you to think of refusing. But I'm afraid the knight is too much exhausted, so I excuse him from his duty this time," she replied laughing.

"It is not only my duty, but my pleasure and my right, so if you don't seriously object, I'll go."

Of course she did not, so by this time they were nearly at the house. It was almost dark and as they drew near they saw Mrs. Hunter and Wilmer on the porch.

"Here she is now," exclaimed Wilmer, "and some one else."

"Why how do you do Mr. McLeon," said both voices.

"When did you arrive and where did you find this runaway? I was just going to send for you," she said turning to Lelia.

I was taking a walk and stopped in the summer house where Mr. McLeon found me and kindly brought me home," so saying she

passed on through the door, up stairs and to her room. There was something strangely familiar about this man and she was trying to think where she had seen him. But after thinking in vain some time, she put down the shawl and book together thereby not noticing the latter. She changed her walking suit for a light evening dress, arranged her hair putting a coquettish little bow on one side and another at her throat and with a hasty glance in the mirror, descended. Haywood McLeon thought, as she entered the room, he had never seen a more graceful form or a prettier face. Tall and slender, graceful as the willow, her wavy hair caught in one large coil at the back, with two long curls on the side, her dark eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed from exercise, she was almost, she was beautiful.

As she opened the door Haywood was saying, "I left George in New York, don't know when he will come out." She heard the words "George" and "New York" and she longed to hear more, but dared not ask. Now the mystery was solved. It was George Bartell he was so much like. As she looked at him who so much resembled the other, a dark mist came over her eyes and she would have fallen had she not at this instant reached a chair. It passed off and no one saw it.

"Miss Windrom, Mrs. Hunter tells me you are from New York. I'm just from there, perhaps I can tell you something of your friends," said Haywood.

"I am afraid not," she said, "It is true my father lived in the city but he had no relatives and my mother's family came from Delaware."

"I never visited New York before, but was so much pleased, think I shall go again soon."

The conversation glided smoothly on from one subject to another. Lelia taking an active part.

Haywood remained sometime after tea. When he at last went home to dream of knights and ladies, the ladies, the latter with black eyes and wavy hair.

When Lelia retired to her room that night she discovered the book. She was angry with herself for being so thoughtless, but consoled herself that she could return it early the following morning. As she raised it up something white fluttered to the floor and as she stooped to pick it up she saw that it was a note directed to "Mr. George Bartell!" Who was this Mr. McLeon and what was he to George? But these were questions she could not answer she went to bed, to dream of being imprisoned in an old burning castle when she saw that she had arrived in a place of safety found it was not George but Haywood McLeon!

This walk was but the beginning of long rambles by the river, of pleasant boating on the smoothly gliding Tar and longer rides through the country.

Haywood had found long since that there was but one woman on earth he would care to call his and that one was Lelia. And how did she regard him? Simply as a friend nothing more.

It was towards the first of June. The earth had put on her richest mantle of purple and green and gold. But no where did she array herself more gorgeously than at Glenhaven. Lelia thought she had never seen anything more beautiful as she gazed from the bow window and looked over the terrace. If I had the power, I would describe this garden, but not having it, I will not do the injustice of an attempt. Lelia had just left the drawing room and stopped in the sitting room as she was passing out. As she stood at the window, she saw Haywood come round the terrace and knowing that he would pass through this window she hastily left the room hoping he would not see her, but she was too late, he saw her and immediately followed. She heard the quick step behind and the next instant he was by her side.

"Do you think you can out walk me," he said, breathing fast. "I am almost out of breath so what must you be. Come to the castle and rest with me, won't you?"

"Oh! I am not at all tired. I like walking so much—never notice at what rate I go."

As she said this she passed on not noticing his invitation to stop.

"Please stop in the summer house, won't you? It is entirely too warm to stay in doors or walk. See how softly the brook glides on murmuring an invitation to you to drench by its suppling waters. Won't you come?"

There was something so sadly entreaty in his voice that she could not refuse, though she knew full well what would be the result. She hesitated a moment when he seized her hand and led her across the bridge.

"Why do you shun me so of late? and why do you never come over now to play for us? You little thought that I would return from the village so soon. Ah! my dearest, I've seen it all, and my

heart is sore with surprise. I love you, Oh! I love you better than all the world besides."

"Stop, pray Mr. Leon, you know why I have avoided you. It was to prevent this! I have seen it and it has grieved me, you know not how much, for I know I had nothing to give in return."

"It can be nothing else."

"But won't you try to love me? Can't you give me a single ray of hope?"

"No, not one particle."

"Why can't you?" he said hoarsely. "Is there another?"

He did not finish. His face was crimson. "Yes," she whispered, and her head fell forward while the hot tears fell fast, and her whole form shook with convulsive sobs.

"I thought I had conquered," she said. "But O, how mistaken. Forgive me if you suffer as I do, and think of me only as a friend."

They both were silent for some time. So much absorbed was each in his own trouble, that they heard not the sound of a horse galloping up the carriage drive.

"I have but one more favor to ask of you. I leave to-morrow on a long promised visit, and before I go I want to here you play just once more."

So rising slowly they both walked back towards the house. Going directly to the drawing room, they did not notice the presence of a visitor in the sitting-room. We will not be so thoughtless, but enter and see who the stranger is. There on the lounge are Mrs. McLeon and Lillian, and between them is a gentleman.

"I can't get over my surprise, George," Mrs. McLeon is saying. "Why didn't you let us know you were coming?"

"I had business near here and didn't have time to let you know. That is all. Will that satisfy you, sister mine?" So spoke George Bartell, for it is no other.

He was Mrs. Leon's youngest brother, and this had been his home until after the war, by which he lost his property and had gone North to seek another fortune. As he finished speaking, Lelia began playing. It was his favorite piece—

She was thinking of him now as she played. She had not played it since last she saw him, and as she struck the first notes, George started. As the music rolled on he became more excited, and he rose and strode across the room. As the last sounds died away he turned to Mrs. Leon and said:

"Sister, who in the name of all the saints, have you here?" But ere she could reply Lelia herself walked in. As she saw George, she stopped suddenly, turned pale, gasped and would have fallen, but George with one leap reached her side, and folding her to his bosom, exclaimed: At last! I have found her.

The Secret of Beauty.
It is not in pearl powder, nor in golden hair-dye, nor in jewelry. It cannot be got in a bottle or a box.

It is pleasant to be handsome; but all beauty is not in prettiness. There is a higher beauty, that makes us love people tenderly. Eyes, nose, hair, or skin never did that yet; though it is pleasing to see fine features. What you are will make your face over for you in the end, whether nature has made it plain or pretty.

Good people are never in looking. Whatever their faces may be, an amiable expression atones for all. If they can be cheerful also, no one will love them the less because their features are not regular, or because they are too fat, or too thin, too pale or too dark. Cultivation of the mind adds another charm to their faces, and, on the whole, if any girl is desirous of being liked by the many and loved by the one, it is more in her power than she may believe to accomplish that object.

Cosmetics will not accomplish it, however. Neither will fine dress; though a woman who does not dress becomingly wrongs herself.

Forced smiles and affected amiability will be of no avail; but if she can manage to feel kindly to everybody, not to be jealous, not to be cross, to be happy if possible, and to encourage contentment, then something will come into her face that will outlast youth's roses, and gain her not only a husband, but a life-long lover.

If a man tells you that he does not want to advertise; that he is doing as much business as he wants to, cease soliciting him. These men sometimes come to doing less business than they want to do, and your bill for advertising may turn out bad. It is only those who "press up business while it is really good, who gain that impetus which sends them over the hard places. It is the days in this section. It has also retarded the farmers in making preparations for planting. Streams are overflowing, bridges are being washed away, the market is over-stocked with mush, and we need a bout to go fishing. Old farmers tell us "they never seed the like afore."

STATE NEWS.

Kinston has a brass band.

Fayetteville is to have a Grange bank.

Green County Court commences next Monday.

Land slides in abundance on the Western North Carolina Railroad.

Lawyer Bryan, the Onslow colored murderer, has been re-captured.

Little Henry Chamberlain of Rocky Mount, fell from a fence and broke one of his legs.

The first new Irish potatoes have appeared in the Wilmington market, and sell at \$1 per peck.

Another Indian burying ground has been discovered on the banks of the Yadkin in Rowan county.

Wilmington has organized a new military company, known as the Wilmington Light Infantry.

A large number of mills, dams, bridges, &c., washed away in Orange and Granville by the late floods.

E. R. Stanley, ex-President of the A. & N. C. R. R., is about to go North, quitting Newbern, his present residence.

The Yadkin River is within ten feet of the North Carolina Railroad bridge, forty feet above its usual level.

And now the Kinston Gazette comes to the front with a 2½ year old hog that netted 723 pounds of pork. Next.

The supposed remains of an Indian burying ground were discovered after the recent freshet, says the Salisbury Locus.

Miss Louisa A. Leete left Oxford last Saturday to join the Presbyterian Mission in Japan. She was a teacher in the Orphan Asylum.

Cobb and Thomas, Radical Congressmen, dogged on the Force bill. We thought Thomas had cheek enough to shame the d—l.

The dedication of the new Baptist church in Edenton has been postponed from the fourth Sunday in February to the second Sunday in March.

Mr. Joseph Huske, Jr., of Fayetteville, was attacked through his overcoat the other night by an unknown man, who demanded his name.

Sotter's bridge, Rockham county recently built at a cost of \$12,000, and one of the finest structures of its character in the State, has been washed away by the recent floods.

The Advance learns that an infant child of Martha Evans at the Wilson Poor House fell in the fire, in the absence of its mother and was burned to death a few days ago.

The Civil Rights matter has been unsuccessful attempt to "come over" a number of Wilmington restaurants a few days ago. The proprietors expected them in every instance.

The Newbern Nt. Shell reports a murder in Jones county, a negro father beats his own child to death. The fiend was captured but escaped from the officers while on route to jail!

There is in Fayetteville an